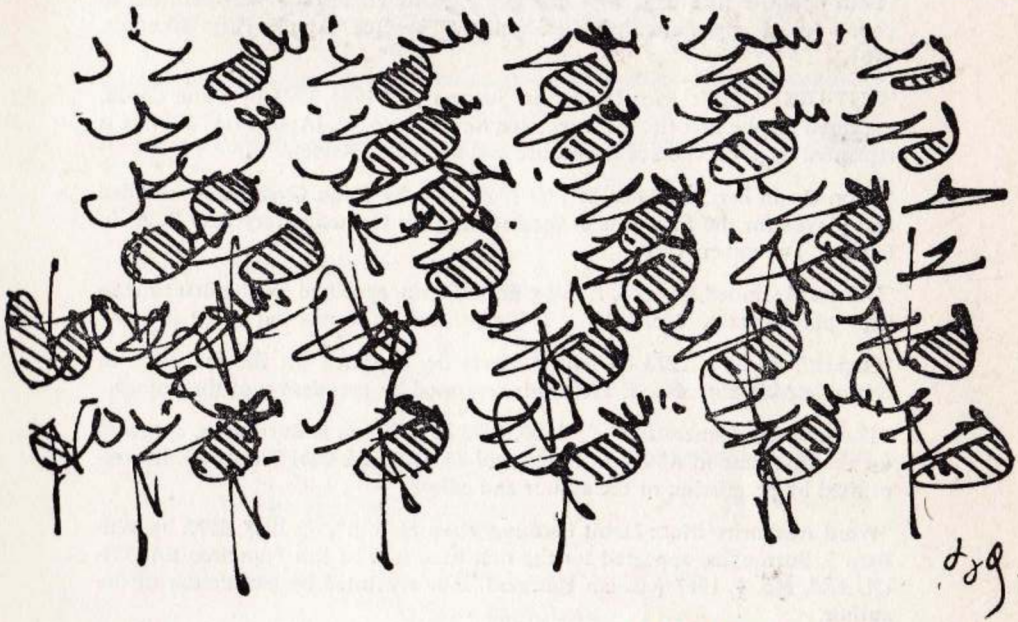
BRION GYSIN
LET THE MICE IN



By Brion Gysin

Edited By Jan Herman

With Texts By William Burroughs & Ian Sommerville

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Photo opposite title page by Christian Taillandier. Brion Gysin painting to poetry in an appearance of "Le Domaine Poetique" at the *Paris Biennale*, 1961.

"CUT-UPS: A Project for Disastrous Success", © 1964, 1973 by Brion Gysin, appeared for the first time in *Evergreen Review*, No. 32, (April-May) 1964. It is reprinted by permission of the author and *Evergreen Review*.

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"The Permutated Poems of Brion Gysin" (as put through a computer by Ian Sommerville), © 1960, 1963, 1973 by Brion Gysin, have made several appearances. "Pistol Poem" was used as the leitmotiv of all performances by "Le Domaine Poetique" in Paris from 1960 on. It also appeared in the *Biennale de Paris*, 1963, and it has been recorded for *OU* (ed. Henri Chopin). Two performances of this piece at the ICA were Domaine Poetique activities which included early sound and light shows with the help of William Burroughs and the technical assistance of Ian Sommerville. It was originally recorded by the British Broadcasting Company sound effects studio and broadcast in England by the BBC as part of a program entitled "The Permutated Poems of Brion Gysin" produced by Douglas Cleverdon. "I Am That I Am" (The Divine Tautology), "Junk Is No Good Baby" and "Kick That Habit Man" were also recorded as mentioned above. All of these poems have been broadcast by Radio-Television Française (RTF) in France, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Italy, and Switzerland.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

I HOPE this book does not fall into the Looking Down Memory Lane department since that is strictly not its intention. But it does bring together in one place texts written as much as a decade and a half ago with photos to document some literary history.

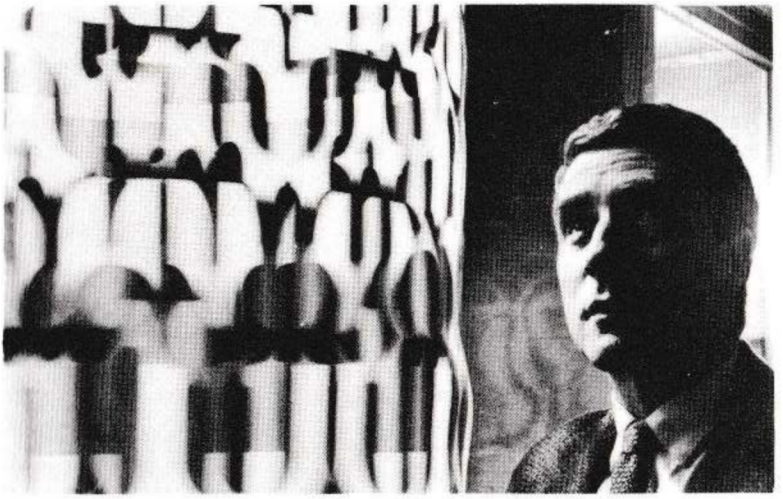
Moreover the book demonstrates that the authors worked from laboratory experience which was quite unusual for writers. Their first cut/ups were published in *Minutes To Go* and *The Exterminator* to which this volume can be considered a companion. Cut/ups as a writing 'method' gained a certain measure of notoriety ever since the publication of *Naked Lunch*. The origin of that 'method' is clarified here.

The title comes via Gregory Corso. In a letter from Tangier on June 10, 1970, Brion Gysin wrote me: "The original text included the words 'said Gregory Corso in 1960', and they consequently appeared in the cut up text, also. Gregory disassociated himself from the whole idea so thoroughly that I agreed with Bill Levy of *Insect Trust Gazette* that he should be edited out and, now, I rather regret it but there was Gregory's voice in there, *squalling* away to be let out of there, so we took the scissors to him."

Those first cut/ups tested the potency of words. Further investigations tested the influence of other sensory input. Ian Sommerville and Brion Gysin designed a dream machine on which a patent was granted in 1961. William Burroughs explored a vast subject throughout the sixties. He formulated, described, and applied to his literary work, certain discoveries about Control — of consciousness and society — through sound & image. Certainly, it is difficult to think of any writer of fiction who paid so much attention to theorizing the discrete, psycho/active suggestiveness of words. These authors may have begun with artistic intentions but they got scientific results.

JAN HERMAN

Brion Gysin Let The Mice In



Brion Gysin and The Dream Machine, 1960
"Word symbols turn back into visual symbols—titled back and forth through this 'me,' my very own machine. Everything, at that moment, is one."

CUT-UPS: A Project for Disastrous Success

WILLIAM BURROUGHS and I first went into techniques of writing, together, back in room #15 of the Beat Hotel during the cold Paris spring of 1958. *Naked Lunch* manuscript of every age and condition floated around the hermetically sealed room as Burroughs, thrashing about in an ectoplasmic cloud of smoke, ranted through the gargantuan roles of Doc Benway, A. J., Clem & Jody and hundreds of others he never had time to ram through the typewriter. "Am I an octopus?" he used to whine as he shuffled through shoals of typescript with all tentacles waving in the undersea atmosphere.

It looked, in those days, as though *Naked Lunch,* named so long before its birth by Kerouac, might never see the light of day outside room #15. The appearance of extracts was only hors d'oevres laid out on "Big Table." A pal, back in New York, was said to be willing to edit to conformist standards more fragments which their author had scattered from Texas to Tangier, Venice, Paris; Mexico, too, probably. There was said to be a whole suitcase full in a Tangier bar or in some junky's villa—anyway, it never got printed and where is it now?

"The cut up method was used in (on?) *Naked Lunch* without the author's full awareness of the method he was using. The final form of *Naked Lunch* and the juxtaposition of sections were determined by the order in which material went—at random—to the printer," he writes in "The Cut-Up Method of Brion Gysin" in *A Casebook on the Beats.*

Well, those were troublous times. Sinclair Beiles flipped in and out with scraps of galley proof even as more packets of old manuscript flowed out into the space Burroughs was trying to clear out in order to kick his habit right there, as soon as the book was out of the room. The raw material of *Naked Lunch* overwhelmed us. Showers of fading snapshots fell through the air: Old Bull's Texas farm, the Upper Reaches of the Amazon; ("Yage country, man. See the old *brujo.*") Tangier and the Mayan Codices; ("Ain't it almost too horrible. Dig

what they really up to and you wig."), shots of boys from every time and place. Burroughs was more intent on scotch-taping his photos together into one great continuum on the wall, where scenes faded and slipped into one another, than occupied with editing the monster manuscript. ("Am I the Collier brothers?") When he found himself in front of the wrecked typewriter, he hammered out new stuff. There were already dozens of variants and, if something seemed missing, slices of earlier writing slid silently into place alongside later routines because none of the pages was numbered.

What to do with all this? Stick it on the wall along with the photographs and see what it looks like. Here, just stick these two pages together and cut down the middle. Stick it all together, end to end, and send it back like a big roll of music for a pianola. It's just material, after all. There is nothing sacred about words.

"Word falling. Photo falling. Break through in gray room."

Naked Lunch appeared and Burroughs disappeared. He kicked his habit with apomorphine and flew off to London to see Dr. Dent who had first turned him on to the cure.

While cutting a mount for a drawing in room #25, I sliced through a pile of newspapers with my Stanley blade and thought of what I had said to Burroughs some six months earlier about the necessity for turning painters' techniques directly onto writing. I picked up the raw words and began to piece together texts which later appeared as "First Cut Ups" in *Minutes to Go.* At the time I thought them hilariously funny and hysterically meaningful. I laughed so hard my neighbors thought I'd flipped. I hope you may discover this unusual pleasure for yourselves—this short-lived but unique intoxication. Cut up this page you are reading and see what happens. See what I say as well as hear it.

I can tell you nothing you do not know. I can show you nothing you have not seen. Anything I may say about Cut-Ups must sound like special pleading unless you try it for yourself. You cannot cut up in your head any more than I can paint in my head. Whatever you do in your head bears the pre-recorded pattern of your head. Cut through that pattern and all patterns if you want something new. Take a letter you have written or a letter written to you. Cut the page into four or into three columns—any way you may choose. Shuffle the pieces and put them together at random. Cut through the word lines to hear a new voice off the page. A dialogue often breaks out. 'It' speaks. Her-

rigel describes such an experience in *Zen in the Art of Archery* when 'It' shot the arrow.

This took Herrigel six years to achieve and demanded his complete submission to a "Master," who said to him in farewell: "Even if broad seas lie between us, I shall always be with you when you practice what you have learned." Creepy? Very. That is how the Masters get around and stay around. To hell with all monopolies. As Burroughs wrote me on a card for the New Year, 1960: "Blitzkrieg the citadel of enlightenment!" Painters first suggested the means were at hand more than fifty years ago. About the time they got horses off the streets and planes in the sky, we freed ourselves from the animals and got the machine on our hands.

The means are our machines. These prime agents of the explosive force, Nova, are factors of geometric progression to the Count Down and we better catch up on their methods, but quick. I do not mean atomic piles—Hands off! I do not mean spaceships—mere Iron Lungs. I mean machines in the hands of anybody can push a button. Take your own tape recorder. I can tell you nothing you do not know. I can show you nothing you have not seen. Record your very own voice on a length of tape. Better read something you consider important. Allen Ginsberg says, in his blurb for *Soft Machine* by Burroughs: ". . . Methods which would be vain unless the author had something to cut up to start with . . ." In other words, you need words. I made my "poem of Poems" on the tape recorder; cutting the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare, *Anabasis* by St. John Perse in the Eliot translation, and fragments of Huxley on mescaline into the *Song of Songs*. As Burroughs, later, had occasion to answer Spender: "It all depends on the result."

The Divine Tautology came up at me off a page, one day: I AM THAT I AM, and I saw that it was lopsided. I switched the last two words to get better architectural balance around the big THAT. There was a little click as I read from right to left and then permutated the other end. AM I THAT AM I? 'It' asked a question. My ear ran away down the first one hundred and twenty simple permutations and I heard, I think, what Newton said he heard: a sort of wild pealing inside my head, like an ether experience, and I fell down.

Burroughs looked grave. "Unfortunately, the means are at hand for disastrous success," he finished the quote from his New Year's card, when he heard the first permutated poems speak up for themselves out

of the tape recorder. "Come, come!" I protested, laughing, "surely this is, at last, the 'artless art' the Zenzooters are pushing. You can't call me the author of these poems, now, can you? I merely undid the word combination, like the letter-lock on a piece of good luggage and the poem made itself."

Who reads a newspaper can answer the conundrum of the Ages: What are we here for? Man is here to go. But, it will take more than the resources of energy in matter to keep him up there as long as he insists on being that animal, Man. "Am I THAT? Am I? Am I? Am I? . . ." If I ask that I am more than THAT. Kick that Man Habit, Man. The Biological Film, now showing on Earth, can and must be rewritten. It is a lousy movie to be withdrawn Now from the dimensional screen and sent back to Rewrite. If, indeed: In the Beginning was the Word, then, the next step is: Rub out the Word.

I was helped by the BBC, who broadcast my poem, "Minutes to Go." I took my tape experiments to them in London and the BBC loaned me their experimental studio with all its machines and technicians for three days. We put together a program which was later broadcast but the most interesting material remained unfinished. "Unusual sights leak out," the cut-ups announced one day, and unusual sounds, too. Back in our Beat Hotel, Burroughs and I went on making the machines talk for themselves and broadcast Rimbaud's "disordering of the senses" through the walls.

The Exterminator, on which we collaborated, appeared at this time. In it are some permutated Poems, faced by a page of symbols which are immediately legible as are, in a fashion, the drawings which follow. Who runs may read my drawing. Run faster to read better. I will show you this again when I make a picture with the words as they come back to me out of the tape recorder. After all, if you could look at the magnetic particles inside this plastic tape, you would see that my voice has translated them into a series of repetitive patterns. Word symbols turn back into visual symbols—titled back and forth through this "me," my very own machine. Every thing, at that moment, is one. I am the artist when I am open. When I am closed I am Brion Gysin.

Science is near enough ready to tell me who he is for me to be much less interested than formerly in him. I could not care less about his so-called talent or lack of it. Brion Gysin is a drag. I am not interested; I am his soul. Yet, as long as he is one with matter in hand, I am bound to a vital interest in the pattern of his activities and patterns of

the matter in which he is so desperately involved. Science and Art are two branches of the same investigation. Within the last fifty years both Science and Painting have overhauled their concept of Matter. Sand on the canvas; $e = mc^2$.

One of the easy ways the human mind, probably owing to its structure, can best conceive Space is in the limitless projection of a multi-dimensional grid through which progressive movement can be plotted, an infinite variety of form conceived, etc. It makes, in fact, a space-picture rather like a cellular scaffolding—the bright jungle-gym of mathematics; an exercise for controlling matter and knowing space.

Now, Magic calls itself The Other Method and, as my limited education permitted no venture through maths, and as Brion Gysin had led me into a maze of Moroccan adventures, I had to content myself with what he stewed in for eight years after the war: Moorish fleshpots and the misery of the Moors. Magic, practiced more assiduously than hygiene in Morocco, through ecstatic dancing to music of the secret brotherhoods, is, there, a form of psychic hygiene. You know your music when you hear it, one day. You fall into line and dance until you pay the piper.

My own music was the wild flutes of the hill tribe, Ahl Serif. Their secret, guarded even from them, was that they were still performing the Rites of Pan under their ragged cloak of Islam. Westermark first recognized their patron, Bou Jeloud the Father of Skins, to be Pan, the little goat god of panic with his pipes. From an account of their dances, he gathered they must still be running the Roman Lupercalia which had attached itself to the principal Moslem feast of the lunar year to survive.

I went into business with these people; opening a restaurant with Pan music in Tangier, called the "Thousand and One Nights." It was well named, for some unforseen, complex, cataclysmic catastrophe occurred every night.

Burroughs was in Tangier, practicing to be El Hombre Invisible and doing little writing, I believe, in those days. He spent his month staring at the toe of his shoe in an underground room of the Casbah, filled with thousands of empty Eukudol boxes. On remittance day, or in the company of visiting Venetians like Alan Ansen (now in exile), he would materialize at my restaurant. "That Gysin's probably a Swiss innkeeper with a phony 'von' to his name," he used to snarl, "but I

dig his pigeon pie and dancing boys the greatest." He really needed the couscous in those days: he was thin, very thin.

I fell out of business, not over money but magic. My Swiss banker never objected to items marked "Magic" which appeared in the book-keeping done by his bank. He just raised his eyebrow and asked: "Are you running an ethnographic museum, perhaps?" In a way. I kept some notes and drawings, meaning to write a recipe book of magic. My Pan people were furious when they found this out. They poisoned my food twice and then, apparently, resorted to more efficacious means to get rid of me.

During a routine kitchen check, I called for a ladder to see if a ventilator had truly been oiled. There was the Mare's Nest under my nose: a treasure trove for an ethnographer, I suppose. Seven round, speckled pebbles, seven big seeds in their pods, seven shards of mirror surrounded a small square paper packet, barely dusted over with soot. The charm stuck together with goo, probably made of newts' eyes, menstural blood, pubic hair and chewing gum. Inside was the text, written in rusty ink from right to left across the square of paper which had then been turned on its side and written over again to form the cabalistic grid. The invocation, when I got it hazily made out, called on the Djinn of the Hearth: "May Massa Brahim, (Brion) leave this house as the smoke leaves this fire, never to return . . ."

Several days later, on January 5, 1958, I lost the business over a signature given to a friendly American couple who "wanted to help me out." I was out with the shirt on my back.

I barely made it to London where I sold my pictures of the Sahara and then crossed to Paris, where I have lived off and on for the last thirty years. Ran into gray-green Burroughs in the Place St. Michel. "Wanna score?" For the first time in all the years I had known him, I really scored with him.

Hamri and I had first met him in the hired gallery of the Rembrandt Hotel in Tangier in 1954, when he wheeled into our exhibition, arms and legs flailing, talking a mile a minute. We found he looked very Occidental, more Private Eye and Inspector Lee: he trailed long vines of *Bannisteria Caapi* from the Upper Amazon after him and old Mexican bullfight posters fluttered out from under his long trench coat instead of a shirt. An odd blue light often flashed around under the brim of his hat. Hamri and I decided, rather smugly, that we could not afford to know him because he was too Spanish. Obviously, he would

soon pick up with Manolo, Pepe, KiKi . . . whereas: "Henrique! Joselito!" Burroughs whinnied—sort of South American boy-cries, for all we knew.

I cannot say I saw Burroughs clear during the restaurant days that followed. Caught a glimpse of him glimmering rapidly along through the shadows from one farmacia to the next, hugging a bottle of paregoric. I close my eyes and see him in winter, cold silver blue, rain dripping from the points of his hat and his nose. Willie the Rat scuttles over the purple sheen of wet pavements, sniffing. Burroughs slices through the crowd in the Socco Chico, his raincoat glinting like the underbelly of a shark. He dashes at KiKi with a raised knife of rain-glitter running off his chop-finger hand. Burroughs lives chez Tony Dutch. He poses a long, quivering nose out of calle Christianos, picking up on: Is KiKi around? He plucks KiKi out of the Mar Chica with his glittering eye. When you squint your eyes at him, he turns into Coleridge, DeQuincey, Poe, Baudelaire and Gide . . . Now, wherefore stoppest thou me?

Hamri and me we waggle our beards—everything just like we always say. Meester Weeli-yam. (*Weeli, weeli!* what Arab women cry in alarm. Hamri's joke.) Meester Weeli-yam lives in a room Hamri and I know well, and we can imagine him down there, or so we thought, but we never could, really, because we never went to see him in all the years and really could never have imagined the celestial number of empty Eukudol boxes he had stacked up; we never knew. We never heard KiKi say: "Quecase con su medicina, Meester William," and shut the door to go away and be killed by just such another knife. But that was in another country and the boy is dead.

So, when Meester Weeli-yam show in San Michel, I pause; hearing Paul Bowles: "I really don't know; they're all so taken with madness and drugs. I don't get it. But you'd like Burroughs if only you'd get to know him." We make a meet. He lives in, "Heart'sease Street," rue Git le Coeur where I lived 1938-39. But; "Must hurry to my doctor—yes, my analyst; recommended by a rich junky friend with whom I goofed on my apomorphine cure with Dr. Dent, unfortunately." Later, I make it up to room #15. Where are the alumni of room #15, today?

Naked Lunch served at all hours in a dark, airless, transitional room full of transformations and metamorphoses. Kafka's cockroach fled in terror. Seeing and hearing new. Burroughs bought a stainless steel dowsing ball from a magic shop and hung it up for decoration. We

learned to scry. He was tossing back whole boxes of Eubispasmes to keep his habit up but his nose clean until he could kick *Naked Lunch.* Then, the All-time Home Cure with Mr. Summerface in attendance. The All-time Grizzlies out of Bill, too. Horror bears in all disguise. Cosmic Hoods. Agents rampant. Bone-cracking crustaceans. Mister Ugly Spirit. "Ah feel Ah'm about to give birth to some horrible critter," he moaned in front of the pulsing mirror; "Ah don't feel rightly hooman!" Like the Old Man of the Sea, he dissolved into all the scaly-green monsters of legend, right there in a puddle of ectoplasm there on his bed.

Later, much later: "I suppose, Brion, you know the story about the two great magicians who had a meet to prove who's tops? First one goes through his scary-faces routine and settles back, real confident: 'Now, *you* show Me.' The second magician leans over and whispers: 'Boo!' "

I look around at the pictures which he was the first to dig: "See the Silent Writing of Brion Gysin, Hassan-i-Sabbah, across all skies!" I write across the picture space from right to left and, then, I turn the space and write across that again to make a multi-dimensional grid with the script I picked up from the Pan people. Who runs may read. I have, I think, paid the pipers in full. Within the bright scaffolding appears a world of Little Folk, swinging in their flowering ink jungle-gym, exercising control of matter and knowing space.

Writing is fifty years behind painting. Painters have been doing this sort of magic for years. They sprung words on canvas before World War I. Surely, this is the "artless art." You can't call me the author of these images come trooping out of the colors, now can you? Catch up on your writing: make with the words.

I roll you out a bright, new cellular framework of Space and in it, I write your Script anew. Light writes in Space. Art is the tail of a comet. The comet is Light. We aim to rewrite this Show and there is no part in it for Hope. Cut-Ups are Machine Age knife-magic, revealing Pandora's box to be the downright nasty Stone Age gimmick it is. Cut through what you are reading. Cut this page now. But copies—after all, we are in Proliferation, too—to do cut-ups and fold-ins until we can deliver the Reality Machine in commercially reasonable quantities.

CUT-UPS SELF-EXPLAINED

Writing is fifty years behind painting. I propose to apply the painters' techniques to writing; things as simple and immediate as collage or montage. Cut right through the pages of any book or newsprint . . . lengthwise, for example, and shuffle the columns of text. Put them together at hazard and read the newly constituted message. Do it for yourself. Use any system which suggests itself to you. Take your own words or the words said to be "the very own words" of anyone else living or dead. You'll soon see that words don't belong to anyone. Words have a vitality of their own and you or anybody can make them gush into action.

The permutated poems set the words spinning off on their own; echoing out as the words of a potent phrase are permutated into an expanding ripple of meanings which they did not seem to be capable of when they were struck and then stuck into that phrase.

The poets are supposed to liberate the words — not to chain them in phrases. Who told poets they were supposed to think? Poets are meant to sing and to make words sing. Poets have no words "of their very own." Writers don't own their words. Since when do words belong to anybody. "Your very own words," indeed ! And who are you?

CUT THE TEXT INTO THREE COLUMNS:

A	B	C
Writing is fifty y	ears behind painting.	I propose to apply
the painters' techniq	ues to writing; things	as simple and
immediate as collage	or montage. Cut right	through the pages
of any book or newspr	int . . . lengthwise, for	example, and shuffle
the columns of text.	Put them together at	hazard and read the
newly constituted mes	sage. Do it for yours	elf. Use any system
which suggests itself	to you. Take your ow	n words of the words
said to be "the very	own words" of anyone e	lse living or dead.

The poets are supposed to liberate the

You'll soon see that	words don't belong to	anyone. Words have
a vitality of their o	wn and you or anybody	can make them gush
into action.		
The permutated po	ems set the words spin	ning off on their
own, echoing out as t	he words of a potent *p*	hrase are permutat-
ed into an expanding	ripple of meaning whi	ch they did not seem
to be capable of when	they were struck and	then stuck into that
phrase.		
The poets are sup	posed to liberate the	words — not to chain
them in phrases. Who	told poets they were	supposed to think?
Poets are meant to si	ng and to make words s	ing. Poets have
no words "of their v	ery own." Writers don	't own their words.
Since when do words b	elong to anybody. "Yo	ur very own words,"
indeed ! And who are	you?	

(The letters in italics were those sliced by my scissors. Now, permutate the columns to form the next texts.)

Now, I shall cut this text into three columns which I shall call A, B, and C. Then, I shuffle the columns and read across in the normal way, the text ACB; and it says:

TEXT ACB

Writing is fifty. I propose to apply ears behind painting. The painters' techniques as simple and use to writing; things immediate as collage through the pages or montage. Cut right of any book or newspr example, and shuffle into . . . lengthwise, for the columns of text. Hazard and read them. Put them together are newly constituted meself. Use any system sage. Do it for yours which suggests itself, own words or the words to you. Take your own, said to be "the very else living or dead own words of anyone." You'll soon see that anyone. Words have words don't belong to a vitality of their o can make them gush on and you or anybody into action.

TEXT A+CB

Writing is fifty the painters' technique, immediate as collage of any book or newspr the columns of text. Newly constituted mess which suggests itself said to be the very. You'll soon see that a vitality of their into action.

The permutated poem, echoing out as ted into an expanding to be capable of when phrase.

The poets are sue them in phrases. Poets are meant to sigh now words of their. Since when do words indeed! And who are I propose to apply ears behind painting., as simple as use to writing; things through the pages or montage. Cut right example and shuffle into lengthwise for hazard and read the put them together ourself. Use any system sage. Do

words—not to chain them in phrases.

The permutated punning off on their ems set the words spin own; echoing out as phrase are permutate he words of a potent ped into an expanding which they did not seem; ripple of meanings which to be capable of when then stuck into that they were struck and phrase.

The poets are suwords—not to chain posed to liberate the them in phrases. Who supposed to think? Told poets they were Poets are meant to sing. Poets have ng and to make words snow words "of their wit own their words very own." Writers don. Since when do words "ur very own words," belong to anybody. "Yo indeed! And who are you?

TEXT BAC

Writing is fifty y
ears behind painting. the painters' techniq I propose to apply ues to writing; things immediate as collages as simple and or montage. Cut right of any book or newsprt through the pages int . . . lengthwise, for the columns of text. example, and shuffle Put them together at newly constituted meshazard and read the sage. Do it for yours which suggests itself elf. Use any system to you. Take your o said to be "the very n words or the words own words" of anyone You'll soon see that else living or dead. words don't belong to a vitality of their o anyone. Words have wn and you or anybody into action. can make them gush

The permutated po
ems set the words spin own; echoing out as tning off on their he words of a potent ped into an exit for your words or the words to you. Take your own else living or dead; own words of anyone, anyone. Words have words don't belong to one and you or anybody can make them gush.

Set the words spin phrase are permutate. The words of a potent they did not seem, ripple of meanings then stuck into that they were struck. And words not to chain. Posed to liberate the supposed to think? Told poets they were Poets to make words own their words. Very own. Writer's "very own words" belong to anybody. You and you.

TEXT B+CA

Ears behind painting; use to writing; things or montage. Cut right into . . . lengthwise. Put them together are sage. Do it for yours to you. Take your own words of anyone. Words don't belong to own and you or anybody aims to set the words spin. The words of a potent ripple of meanings whin they were struck and posed to liberate.

The O told poets they were NG and to make words "very own." Writers don't belong to anybody. You, you?

Writing is fifty. I propose to apply the painters' techniques as simple and immediate as "collage" through the pages of any book or newspr example, and shuffle the columns of text. Hazard and read the newly constituted mesself. Use any system which suggests itself in words or

panding phrase are permutat-ripple of meanings whito be capable of whench they did not seem they were struck and phrase. then stuck into that

The poets are sup

posed to liberate the them in phrases. Who words—not to chain o told poets they were Poets are meant to si supposed to think? ng and to make words snow words 'of their ving. Poets have ery own." Writers don Since when to words ('t) own their words. belong to anybody. "Yo indeed! And who are ur very words," you? the words said to be "the very else living or dead. You'll soon see that anyone. Words have a vitality of their o can make them gush into action.

The permutated poems running off on their own; echoing out as the phrases are permutated into an expanding which they did not seem capable of when then stuck into that phrase.

The poets are sup words—not to chain them in phrases. Who supposed to think? Poets are meant to si ing. Poets have now words of their own words. Since when do words your very own words, indeed! And who are you?

BRION GYSIN LET THE MICE IN

I talk a new language. You will understand.

I talk about the springes and traps of inspiration.

IN SPIRATION—what you breathe in. You breathe in words. Words breathe you IN. I demonstrate Thee, the Out-Word in action both visual and aural, racing away in one direction to sounds more concrete than music and, in the other, to paintings like television screens in your own head. I am better than Transducer for I show you own Interior Space.

In the beginning was the Word—been in You for a toolong time. I rub out the word. You in the Word and the Word in You is a word-lock like the combination of a vault or a valise. If you love your vaults, listen no further. I spin the lock on your Interior Space Kit. Prisoner: Come Out!

I sum on the Little Folk: music from the Moroccan hills proves the great god Pan *not* dead. I cast spells: all spells are sentences spelling out the word-lock that is You. Stop. Change. Start again. Lighten your own life sentence. Go back to childhood. Throw light on your little elves as they are in my magic picture 6 x 6 feet.

There will be projections in all dimensions while the recorded voice of Wm. Burroughs reads an incantation spelled out by him.

You will understand. I talk new springes and traps of inspiration. IN SPIRATION, what you breathe in. You breathe in words. Words breathe you IN. I demonstrate Thee, the Out-Word in words that breathe you in. Aural, racing away in one direction to action both visual and music and, in the other, to painting sounds more concrete screens in your own heads. I am better than like the televisions—your own Interior Space. Transducer for Eye show.

Was the word, Been in you for a too long. In the beginning, Word. You in the word and the word in You-Time. I rub out the combination on a vault or valise. *"If"* is a word-lock, like listen no further. I spin

"Recorded & played at the Institute for Contemporary Arts, London, Dec., 1960, as I painted a picture 6 x 6 feet & quietly disappeared."
—BG

the lock on you love your vaults. It; Prisoner: come Out!

It's *your* Interior Space, folks—music from the Moroccan hills. I summon little Pan: *not* dead. I cast spells.. All proves the great god spelling out the word-lock that is You. Spells are sentences again. Lighten your own life sentence. Stop. Change. Start. Throw light on your little elves as they go back to childhood. Are 6 x 6 feet. Are in my magic picturjections in all dimensions while the record there will be proproofs read in incantation; spelled out by the edited voice of Wm. Burro him.

Painting a picture re time and 6 x 6 during the act of an invocation for patient Moroccan to bow Chinese precede hills! Muto hirion. (sic) From the disappearance Gysin is *not* dead. Pan. Hurry. By the great god, Brion Gysin the torso of 1960. The mice in Gregory C.

A talk about the gees of stress and traps. An hours length on sprint demonstrations of snouts and recorded visual sum of both, with projections and audible word. A pell of words. Magic space instead of sound pictures, shear peace. (Rub out the word and give more space.)

I will make a bow to the picture between your ears. The audience, too, appear into the picture. Visual words dye spells to shorten painting sentence. Fainting accompanied by our Act; by a spell from/of Wm. Burroughs . . . hm, spell cast by the voice of Wm. Burroughs' pa during painting a picture 6 x 6, the act or feat. Me to high Moroccan music from the disappear in hills. Is *not* dead. Hurry. Panrion Gysin.

By the great Go, Brion Gysin let Corso 1960 the mice in. Gregory Corso, 1960 aten Gysin the mice in Gregory. Spell cast by the ancient voice of Wm. Burroughs. Picture between your ears. Sound pictures and the word made bow to the audience.

How to paint out the visual and the audible give more space instead of spells for they shorten the picture. You will understand at hours length.

I talk a new langhand, Gregory. Gysin let the mice in. 1960. I talk about the spiration guage. You will understand Inspiration—who breathes in words. Springes and traps of words breathe in you—breathe you In. He Out-Word in hat you breathe in. Your action both visual and one direction. I demonstrate Thee. Racing away In, like the television to sounds more concrete other, to paintings aural. I am better than music in the Transducer for I show screams in your own head.

In the beginning, You for a tool on your own Interior Space Time. I rub out Thee and the Word in you *was* the Word—'been in' is a word

lock like Tilt or valise. If word. You in the Word, you love your vaults. Spin the lock on the combination on a vault—your Interior Space K! Listen no further.

I summon the little Moroccan hills. Prisoner; come Out. It proves the great god spells all the folk. Music from the spell-sentence that is You. Pan *not* dead. I can stop. Change. Start own life sentence. Spelling out the words, I go back to childhood. Little elves as they again. Lighten your O, you are in my magic picture. Throw light on your hell. There will be pro-ons while the records are 6 x 6 feet. Edited voice of Wm. Burroon spelled out by jections in all dimensions. Ughs reads an incantation. Invoke ancient Chinese precedent to bow three times and disappear into my picture.

During the act of painting picture, re time to bow Chinese, pre-invoked for a Moroccan potter (sic) said disappear in the picture.

Muto from the hirion hurry. Hill god Gysi and Gregorious Caius both of 960. Length in the torso abounded in the home sprint. Talk of it with Gees and traps forever audible word. Projected demonstration of snouts and wreck-pictures gives visual. Magic spell instead of sand gives bow to the end of words.

Stricture between your ears. I will shorten the painting sentence. The picture. How to paint and 'e'. The word is more shit. Me too had the mice in the hills who are *not* dead but dance. Invocation for paint in these preceding hills. Gysin is *not* dead. I will make an audience, too, snap at shortened painting sentence before I disappear into the hills. Fainting accompanied visual words, you will understand. A picture between the hills bowed to the Chinese audience—made an aural bow. They shorten the picture cast by an ancient voice between your ears. Demonstrations of little folks mice magic. Demonstration of corporeal projection during the disappearance. An ace instead of talk. Mirror magic and the writing that is you.

I talk a new laugh 1960. I talk about the Inspiration who breathes words in you. Your actions straight thee, racing away to concrete other, to pain in the Transducer for Eye. In the beginning, You Time. I rub out The. An 'In' is a word-lock like Word. You love your calf in a vault—your Interself.

I summon the little proofs of the great god sentence that is you. Started own life sentence in early childhood. Little elves in my magic picture.

I summon the Listener; come Out. It proves the great god speaks

from spell-sentence that is you. Stop. Change. Start own life sentence. I go back to childhood. Little eleven year old, O, you are in my picture, O, you are as they again. Light in my magic picture. There will be harrowing light on your hell while the recorded voice of Wm. are at your feet. Like a cool towel of airforce over wrists and ankles. Burroons spelled out by Ons. Ughs read objections in all directions of sole incantanation. I invoke to bow three ancient Chinese procedures to disappear into my picture.

The mice in, I will understand the traps of words in hat you wave in my direction. I, demon onto sounds more err than music, own your head. My own Interior Space a He word—been read. You in the combination further. Near. Come out. It sick from spells. Stop. Change. I go back to brighten you O you are. There will be blighted voice of Wm. on and on. Ughs reads Dent to bow three times and Gregory.

Gysin the Inspiration gage. He is you in words. You, he's in words. Springes breathe you in. He Out—both visual and one dimensional; You In, like aural televisitings. I am betting I can show screams in your Owe-You for a tool. You're damned right; the word in you *was* 't' for Tilt or valise. If volts spin the lock on an interior space for K! Listen, O Moroccan hills.

Listen, O Moroccan hills! Poor prisohells, all the folk. Mustapha Pan *hot* dead. I can spell out the words as they again. Light throw light on your hell.

I talk a new laugh at the mice In. I and Gregory. Gysin the 1960. I talk about the will understand spiration guages. You, Inspiration—who bleats and traps of he's in words.

Springes words breathe in you—the word in that you breathe in you. He Out breathe In.

He Out breathe In your auto-rection. I demonstrate both visual and one dimension state thee. Racing away on sounds more Yin, like the televisions concrete other, more painful than music and things aural. I am better in the Transducer for I own head.

In the beginning, Your own Interior Spaced the Word in you. It *was* T Time. I rub out Thee and He Word. Spin the lock on Word, you love your veal, the combination on a vault, your Interior further.

I summon the littler; come out. It proves the great god spick from the spells. Pan *not* dead. I can speel the sentence that is you. You will understand. In the beginning—You time, I rub out a word-lock, like

love your vaults. From the Moroccan can cast spells. All lock that is You. Demonstrate breath you in life sentence. I talk new springs of what you breathe the You in. Both aural and visual are concrete screens in you-he television—your own show.

Been in you for a toolong the word, and the word in a vault or valise. If I, I spin the lock on you . . . Out!

Superior Space Folk. Music, little Pan, *not* dead. God spelling out the words again—speeling out the hills. Light your own. Throw light on your 6 x 6 feet.

I summon the god-lit sentence, that life sentence that is early, is you. Started own childhood. Little structure of elves in magic pie. Ten, come out. It proves I summon the lilies, the great god sentence that is you. Speaks from the spell. I go back to childhood to start life sentencehood. Little eleven, my picture, O you are as year old! O, you are in they again! Light!

There will be harrowing in my magic picture. Light of hell and the voice of Wm. are at your wrists and ankles through all the recorded feet. Like a cool over wrists and ankles. Towels of airforce hold you back. I, in Chinese calm, procede to painting.

Pictures to disappear in will understand the traps. Eye demon on to see you wave in my direction sounds more Her than He word. My own Interior Space music own your head. You in the corner, come out. It change. I go back sick from spells. Stop brightening your O—be blighted voice of Wm. You are. You, he's breathe you in. He Out in words. Springes both visual and one dimensional. You things. I am betting on your Owe-You for a Two. I can scream along. Youre heard. I can hear you. Tit for tat, damned right. If volts spin locks on Interior Space, listen, O Moroccan hills!

Listen, O Moroccans; all the folk! In the hills poor prisoner Mustapha Pan is hot dead. Words as he died. I can Spell them out again. Poor prisoned, I can spell out your hell. And the mice in it. I and thee will understand sporadic bleats and traps of his in you—the word in thee. Your own interior spaced out the He and Thee words. The combination on a word, you love your vested interior further. Come out; you can. It proven Pan *not* dead. You will understand. I word-lock, like love-you spells. All lock that in life sentence. I talk new In. Both aural and visual your own show. Too long the word and the lock on you.

Listen, O Moroccan; Mustapha Pan hot god again. Light throw

light. I talk a new laugh—the 1960. I talk about You—Inspiration. Who springes words breathes you. He out breathe in.

He out breathe In. It prove more Yin, like the telly. I can that music see no beauty in. You will understand me for I own head. Word-lock like love-you in the beginning. All lock that I. I rub life sentence. I talk new word.

I summon the little spick from the spells for the lock on you . . . the sentence that is you. You-time I rub out. The Moroccan can castrate breath you in . . . what breathes the Y screens in you he tells. Been in you for a valise.

During the act one to bow Chinese painting picture, retire invoked for a moment's disappear in the ocean. Potter (sic) said picture Muto from Gysi and Greg—hurry on, hurry. Hill Gorius Caius both of abounded in the O. Length in the tore home sprint. Talk of forever audible. It goes with trap words. Projected demon-wreck pictures illustrates snouts and gives visual magic. Eyes bow to the end spell instead of sand.

Stricture between sentence the picture shit. Me, too, high to the dance. Invocation for what is not dead. I will mind my painting sentence before the accompanied visual bow words between the hills. They shorten the ears of the picture. Demon strations of corporeal projection instead of talk. I talk a new laugh breathes words in you.

You, Time, look like a word.

How to paint an 'e'. Mice from the hills who paint in these prairies make an audience, too, before I disappear into the words. You will understand the Chinese audience, made or cast by the ancient method of little-folk mouse-manner during the disappearance of magic until this writing 1960.

I talk bout your actions straight.

I will shear the painting and your ears of words. Paint and shit is more words. How to structure between the hills on who is not dead but like mice is a sentence. These pictures preceding from the hills. Gysin paint Me, too, behind there. On these pre-hell maps out shortened pay dance. An invocation an audience to hills. Painting makes and is not dead. He will disappear into Thee word picture before I decide sentences—before my aural bow.

Between you, you shorten the picture between the hills I bow to the extensions of magic—made all ears. Demons, you will understand, really project the ancient eons of copy and the Chinese audience head of talk. Little folk is mice demonstrations cast by appearance. An ace of Inspiration. Else of words.

Stricture between the painting—your ears. I will shear a sentence. The picture is more words. How to paint and shit. Me, too, behind there not dead but like mice in the hills who dance. An invocation for hills. Gysin paint these proceedings and is *not* dead. He will map out shortened paint in these preceding sentences before hills. Fainting make an audience, too, accompanied by visual word picture. Before I disappear into thee between the hills I bow an aural bow.

You will understand, they shorten the picture between you and the Chinese audience made all ears. Demonstrations of magi. Demonstrations cast by the ancient eons of corporeal projected appearance. An ace of little folk is mice instead of talk. Mirror that is you.

During the disappearance I talk a new laugh. Inspiration who are magic and the writing breathes words in you. Thee, racing 1960. I talk about the away to concrete other seducer for the Eye. Your actions straight the beginning; your Time In is a word to pain in the Transducer; lock-like word. You—your interself—I rub out the and love your calf in a gold.

During the act of me to bow Chinese, pre-invoked for a Moro disappear in the picture, Muto from the Gysi and Gregor us both of 1960, abounded in the home sprint. Talk of forever audible word. Projected demon-wreck pictures give visual angle. Magic sees bow to the end of words. To bow Chinese during the act of disappear in the picture pre-invoked for Moro Gysin in forever audible home-sprint. Projected demons bow to the visual magic of words. I talk a new laugh mirror that is you. You, Thee; a thing to breathe words in. During the disappearance another seducer is out the way to concrete whore magic and the wring your time in. On straight, the beginning of racing is 1960. I talk about the word.

You, the Transducer, look like for the eye. Your active in a gold. But Thee and 'love you Ca' is a word to pain invoked for a bow to the Chinese. Pre-in your interself. I rub easy during the act of sprint.

Talk abounded in the home of Moro disappearing in the pictures. Give projected demon wreck us both of 96.

To bow, bow to the end of forever audible word.

Magic projected audible home-sprint. Chinese during the magic act of words for Moro Gysin in forever.

Demons bow to the visual.

Sentence the picture stricture. Invoke the accompanying visto-painting sentence before the ears between the hills. Projection instead of the striations of corporeal words in you. Laugh breath wakes words. Mice in the hills.

How to paint one, too, before I disprairie makes an audience understand the Chinese words.

The Dream Machine

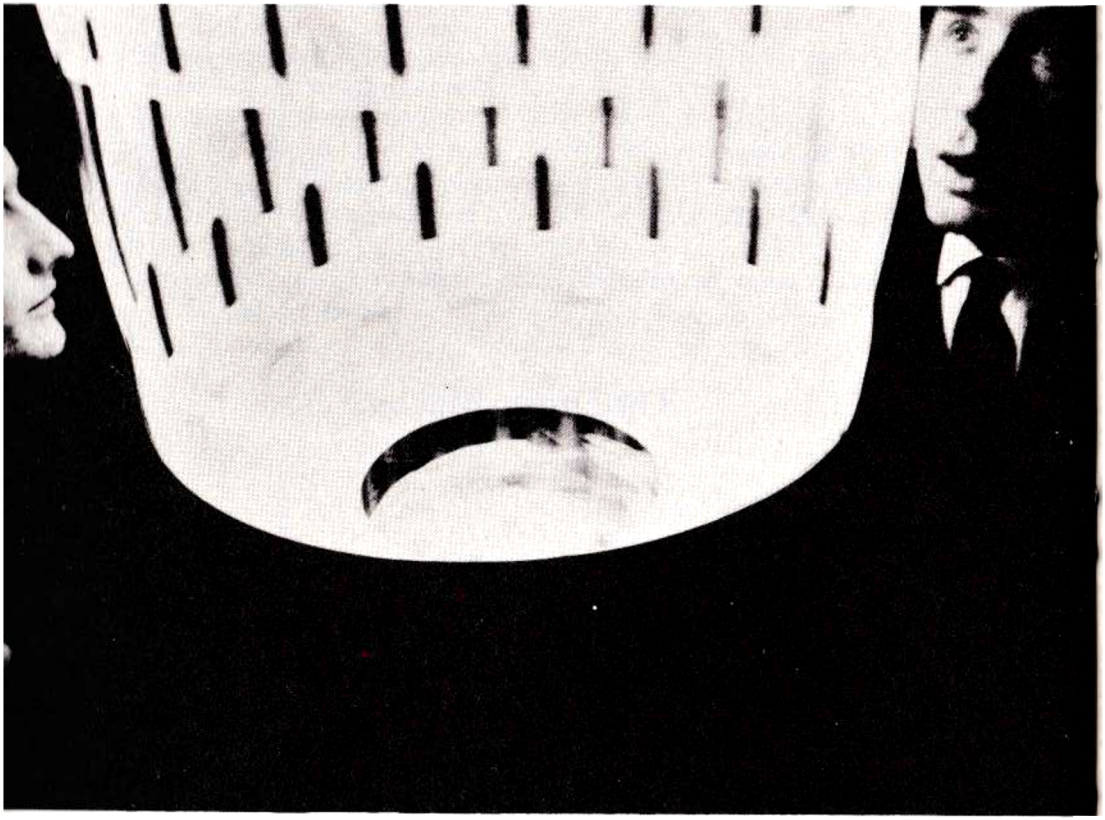


Photo: Nicolas Tikhomiroff
Ian Sommerville and Brion Gysin, their gazes fixed by a whirling Dream Machine, Paris, 1960

FLICKER

BRAIN WAVES, minute electrical oscillations associated with brain activity, can be measured accurately and graphically recorded by the electroencephalograph (EEG) machine. EEG records show that brain rhythms divide into groups according to frequency. One of these groups, the alpha or scanning rhythms, is strongest when the brain is unoccupied, searching for pattern; weakest during purposeful thinking, eyes open studying pattern. The strength and type of rhythms vary between individuals. The EEG records of some primitive people are similar to those of a ten year old in our society. Variations occur with age. The alpha rhythms do not appear in children until they are about four years old.

Having obtained graphic records of brain waves, the next step was to see how these could be modified experimentally. Subjects were asked to visualize scenes, do mental arithmetic, etc. while their EGG record was being taken: minimal results were recorded until electric oscillations or light flashes were played on them. This flicker at precise rates per second produced radical change in the EEG graph and the subjects reported "dazzling lights of unearthly brilliance and color developing in magnitude and complexity of pattern as long as the stimulation lasted."

Similar effects may be produced on a small scale by pressure on the eyeball, rotating of the closed eye, close-viewing, dark-adaptation or blinking at the bright sky, sudden body movement, mechanical or psychical shock, chemicals, periodic light pulses produced by speeding through an avenue of trees with the sun behind them—"natural flicker."

The intense and even overwhelming effects of colored pattern seen under stimulation must be distinguished from the "hallucinations" known in psychiatry, as well as from those visions which bring about permanent personality change. However, recorded mystic visions, perhaps due to a metabolic state as suggested by Aldous Huxley, often mention these same dazzling lights. St. Augustine wrote: "And thou

didst beat back the infirmity of my own eyes, darting thy beams of light upon me most strongly and I trembled . . ." The most striking case of personality change is that of St. Paul who was journeying to Damascus in his chariot when, ". . . suddenly, there shined round about him a light from heaven. And he fell to earth . . ."

The elements of pattern which have been recorded by subjects under flicker show a clear affinity with the designs found in prehistoric rock-carving, painting, and idols of world-wide distribution: India, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Mexico, Norway and Ireland. They are found also in the arts of many primitive peoples of Australia, Melanesia, West Africa, South Africa, Central America and the Amazon. Children's drawings often spontaneously depict them, and in modern art (Klee, Miro, etc.) they are to be recognized in profusion.

A scientific group in Munich, using an electrode strapped to the forehead as stimulus, is attempting to catalogue such elementary subjective light patterns as their subjects report.

In England, Gray Walter works on the stimulation of brain rhythm responses to flashing light. He has used a stroboscope (an electronic flash generator) playing on closed eyes. The most marked effects occur when the stroboscope frequency is in tune with the subject's own alpha rhythm. The viewer sees counter-revolving Catherine-wheels, explosive fountains of unearthly brilliant colors, etc. The interesting point is that, independent as they are of a prominent part of the eye's mechanism—its shutter and lense—these effects cover the entire visual field and are everywhere in focus. This is a sharp contrast to normal vision in which only a small center portion of the visual field is in focus.

Flicker may play a part in cinematic experience. The frame speed of film is three to four times faster than the average alpha rhythm but the film viewed may include flicker frequencies as a subharmonic. Films and TV impose external rhythms on the mind, altering the brain waves which are otherwise as individual as finger-prints. It is entirely possible that the EEG records of a generation of TV watchers will be similar, even identical—although differing from those which present research reveals.

Our ancestors saw the creatures of the constellations in the apparently unorganized distribution of the stars. It has been shown experimentally through the viewing of random white dots on a screen that man tends to find pattern and picture where objectively there is none: his mental process shapes what it sees. External resonators, such as

flicker, tune in with our internal rhythms and lead to their extension.

The Dream Machine began as a simple means to investigate phenomena whose description excited our imaginations—our faculty of image-making which flicker was said to stimulate. Maximum effect is achieved with a light of at least 100 watts when flicker plays over closed lids brought as close as possible to the cylinder revolving at 78 rpm. This may not produce everybody's exact alpha rhythm but the effects can be astonishing. They continue to develop over a long period of time. More elaborate machines can be obtained.

Brion Gysin added an interior cylinder covered with the type of painting which he had developed from his first "natural flicker" experience, and with eyes open the patterns became externalized, seemed to catch on fire, and lick up from inside the whirling cylinder. In the bigger machines of his design whole moving pictures are produced and seem to be in flux in three dimensions on a brilliant screen directly in front of the eyes. Elaborate geometric constructions of incredible intricacy build up from bright mosaic into living fireballs like the *mandalas* of Eastern mysticism surprised in their act of growth.

The intensity of the effect varies with the individual; melancholics tend to be irritated, some see nothing. The use of opiates and barbiturates would seem to seal off the patterns almost completely. Rhythmic sound, particularly Arab music and jazz, modulate the vision in which patterns keep time with the music.

DREAMACHINE

HAD a transcendental storm of color visions today in the bus going to Marseilles. We ran through a long avenue of trees and I closed my eyes against the setting sun. An overwhelming flood of intensely bright patterns in supernatural colors exploded behind my eyelids: a multidimensional kaleidoscope whirling out through space. I was swept out of time. I was out in a world of infinite number. The vision stopped abruptly as we left the trees. Was that a vision? What happened to me?"

That is an entry in my journal, dated December 21, 1958.

I found out exactly what had happened to me when, in 1960, William Burroughs gave me to read, *"The Living Brain"* by Gray Walter. I learned that I had been subjected to flicker, not by a stroboscope, but by the sun whose light had been interrupted at a precise rate per second by the evenly spaced trees as I raced by. A many million-to-one chance. My experience utterly changed the subject and style of my painting. Walter in this connection makes the magnificent surmise: ". . . Perhaps, in a similar way, our arboreal cousins, struck by the setting sun in the midst of a jungle caper, may have fallen from perch to plain, sadder but wiser apes."

Ian Sommerville, who had also read Walter, wrote me from Cambridge on February 15, 1960: "I have made a simple flicker machine; a slotted cardboard cylinder which turns on a gramophone at 78 rpm with a light bulb inside. You look at it with your eyes shut and the flicker plays over your eyelids. Visions start with a kaleidoscope of colors on a plane in front of the eyes and gradually become more complex and beautiful, breaking like surf on a shore until whole patterns of color are pounding to get in. After awhile the visions were permanently behind my eyes and I was in the middle of the whole scene with limitless patterns being generated around me. There was an almost unbearable feeling of spatial movement for a while but it was well worth getting through for I found that when it stopped I was high above earth in a universal blaze of glory. Afterwards I found that my per-

ception of the world around had increased very notably. All conceptions of being dragged or tired had dropped away . . ."

I made a "machine" from his ensuing description and added to it an interior cylinder covered with the type of painting I have developed in the three years since my first flicker experience. The result, eyes open or eyes closed, warranted taking out a patent, and on July 18, 1961 I received brevet no. P.V. 868,281 entitled: *"Procedure and apparatus for the production of artistic visual sensations."* The official description of the Dream Machine reads in part: "This invention, which has artistic and medical application, is remarkable in that perceptible results are obtained when one approaches one's eyes, either open or closed, to the outer cylinder slotted with regularly spaced openings revolved at a determined speed. These sensations may be modified by a change of speed, or by a change in the dispostion of the slots, or by changing the colors and patterns on the interior of the cylinder . . ."

Flicker may prove to be a valid instrument of practical psychology: some people see and others do not. The Dream Machine, with its patterns visible to the open eye, induces people to see. The fluctuating elements of flickered design support the development of autonomous "movies," intensely pleasurable and, possibly, instructive to the viewer.

What is art? What is color? What is vision? These old questions demand new answers when, in the light of the Dream Machine one sees all of ancient and modern abstract art with eyes closed.

In the Dream Machine nothing would seem to be unique. Rather, the elements seen in endless repetition, looping out through numbers beyond number and back, show themselves to be thereby a part of the whole. This, surely approaches the vision of which the mystics have spoken; suggesting as they did that it was a unique experience.

Art has been confounded with the art object—the stone, the canvas, the paint—and has been valued because, like the mystic experience, it was supposed to be unique. Marcel Duchamp was, no doubt, the first to recognize an element of the infinite in the *Ready-Made*—our industrial objects manufactured in "infinite" series. The Dream Machine may very well show you an eternal series of gas jets burning with an unearthly flame, but to dub an individual gas jet a "unique art object" by adding the artist's signature, is to make the elementary mistake of taking the merely tangible world for the visible world.

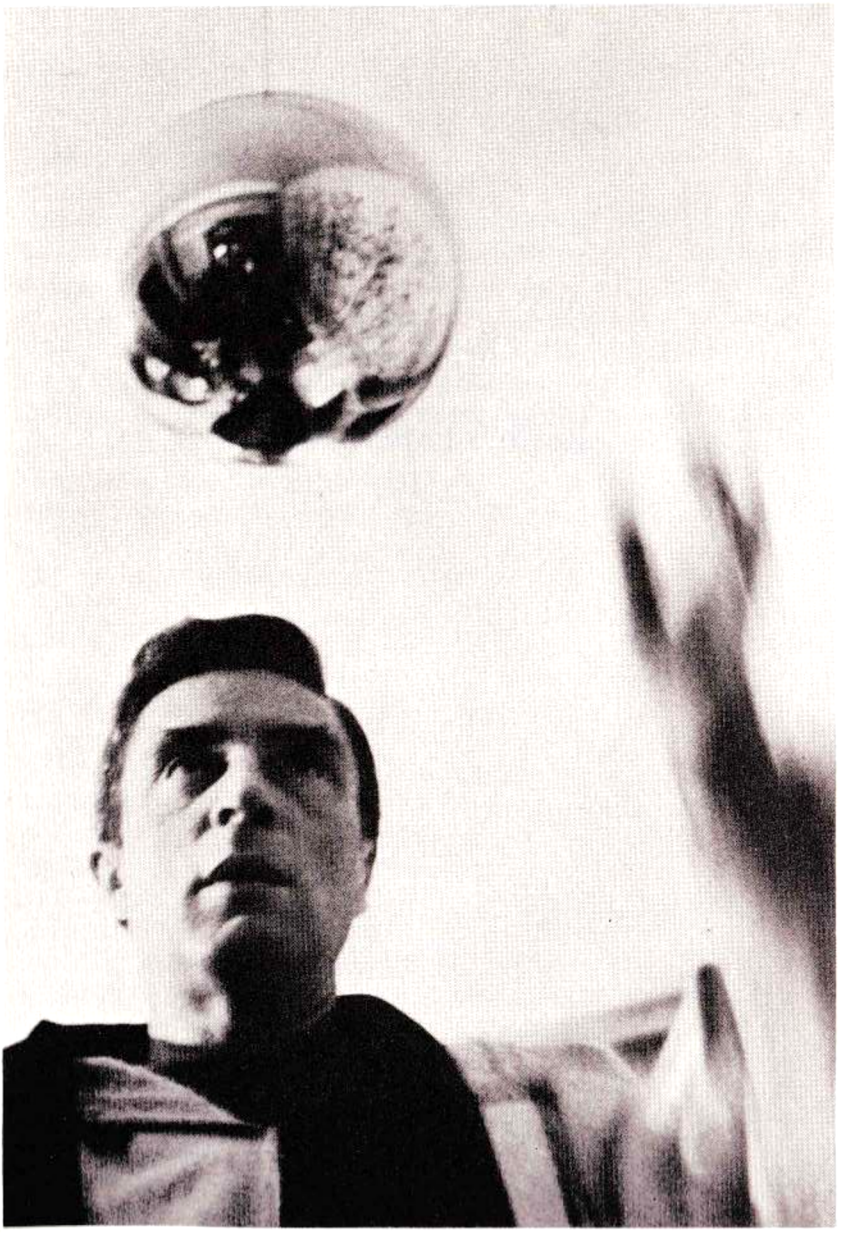
My first experience of natural flicker through the trees made me realize that the one and only thing which cannot be taken from the

picture is light—everything else can be utterly transmuted or can go. The Dream Machine may bring about a change of consciousness inasmuch as it throws back the limits of the visible world and may, indeed, prove that there are no limits.

When I had seen some hundreds of hours of flicker, I thought of Gray Walter and his vision of the first mutated apes being knocked out of the trees in the primeval forest by the flicker of the sun through the branches, and I wrote:

"One Ready Ape hit the ground and the impact knocked a word out of him. Maybe he had an infected throat. He spoke. In the Word was his beginning. He looked about and saw the world differently. He was one changed ape. I look about now and see this world differently. Colors are brighter and more intense—traffic lights at night glow like immense jewels. The ape became a man. It must be possible to become something more than a man."

Further Experiments



Brion Gysin in the Beat Hotel, 1959
"Burroughs bought a stainless steel dowsing ball from a magic shop and hung it up for decoration. We learned to scry."

THE INVISIBLE GENERATION

AS I HAVE indicated in THE INVISIBLE GENERATION (published in The Los Angeles Free Press, the International Times, London, and also as a post script to *The Ticket That Exploded*) a technique for producing events and directing thought on a mass scale is available to anyone with a portable tape recorder or a car to transport recorders. The basis for this technique is WAKING SUGGESTION first used by Doctor John Dent of London who also introduced the Apomorphine treatment for alcoholism and drug addiction.

Waking suggestion as practiced by Dr. Dent: The patient is instructed to read aloud from a book while concentrating his attention on what he is reading as if reading to an imaginary person seated in front of him. The doctor stands behind him and repeats at the same voice level the patient is using certain suggestions previously agreed upon between the doctor and patient: ("You will be able to sleep," "You will not relapse into the use of alcohol," etc.)

The patient, since he is reading aloud and his attention is concentrated on what he is reading, does not hear the suggestions consciously and for this reason they take direct effect on his subconscious or reactive mind.

THIS IS NOT SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION. Subliminal means below the level of conscious sight or hearing. Even if the subject were concentrating all his attention on the source of subliminal sounds or images, he would not be able to see or hear anything.

Waking suggestion consists of sounds or images which are not consciously registered SINCE THE SUBJECT'S ATTENTION IS ELSEWHERE. If his attention were directed towards the source he would be able to see or hear it immediately.

Waking suggestion not subliminal suggestion is the technique used in playback of pre-recorded tapes in the street, cocktail parties, bars, stations, airports, parks, subways, political rallies, theatre intermissions, etc.

Any suggestion tape is made much more effective

People do not consciously hear the taped suggestions because their attention is directed towards something else: crossing street, catching train, listening for plane call, listening to speaker, looking at TV, talking to companions.

The volume of the tape is adjusted to street sounds, speech level and so forth. A well-constructed suggestion tape will have pre-recorded street sounds or whatever cut in according to location.

Any suggestion tape is made much more effective if it contains contradictory commands. Stop. Go. Wait here. Go there. Come in. Stay out. Be a man. Be a woman. Be white. Be black. Live. Die. Be a human animal. Be a superman. Yes. No. Do it now. Do it later. Be your real self. Be somebody else. Rebel. Submit. RIGHT. WRONG. Make a splendid impression. Make an awful impression. Sit down. Stand up. Take your hat off. Put your hat on. Create. Destroy. React. Ignore. Live now. Live in the past. Live in the future. Obey the law. Break the law. Be ambitious. Be modest. Accept. Reject. Do more. Do less. Plan ahead. Be spontaneous. Decide for yourself. Listen to others. Talk. SILENCE. Save money. Spend money. Speed up. Slow down. This way. Right. Left. Present. Absent. Open. Closed. Up. Down. Entrance. Exit. IN. OUT.

These commands are constantly being imposed by the environment of modern life. If for example your suggestion tape contains the phrase: "Look at that light in front of you . . . STOP . . . Stay here . . . GO . . . Be over there," and is played back to people waiting at a stop light THEY ARE FORCED TO OBEY THE SUGGESTION YOU ARE MAKING. It's like giving someone a sleeping pill without his knowledge and then suggesting sleep.

Any contradictory suggestion at the unconscious level produces a moment of disorientation during which your suggestions take effect.

Furthermore, contradictory suggestions are an integral function of human metabolism . . . "Sweat. Stop sweating. Salivate. Stop salivating. Pour adrenaline into the blood stream. Counteract adrenaline."

Since contradictory commands are enforced by the environment and by the human body suggestion tapes that contain such commands will have particular force. Insult tapes cut in with contradictory commands are especially effective.

All tape recorder tricks are useful: Speed up, slow down, overlay running contradictory commands simultaneously, echo chambers for stations and airports.

Effects are obtained by persistence and exposure by getting as many operators in the street as possible. For wide coverage use a car, cutting in your suggestions with popular tunes and street sounds.

When playing back insult tapes the operator is well advised to move fast and stay out of his wake.

Word author-

WORD AUTHORITY MORE HABIT FORMING THAN HEROIN

ity more habit

forming than heroin no this is not the old power addicts talk I am talking about a certain exercise of authority through the use of words authority words habit more forming than heroin that is the use of these words engrams words colorless words form the user more than heroin and he must have more and more heroin authority words more habit than forming that is the words of narcotics control as used by the American Narcotics Dept. more habit forming than can be maintained which is why they must continually spread the problem "authority" more habit forming than word 'heroin' that is the particular authority derived from the enforcement of narcotics laws is more habit forming than the word heroin. What are heroin words? Ally engrams its going to be all right you are all right and comfortable so comfortable but the words of withdrawal of ally engram is more habit forming than the ally engram notice they need not a few addicts getting it steady they need a lot of addicts always short sick addicts a frequency more habit forming than heroin is the frequency of sick addicts words forming authority in occupation word authority more eristic banal reporters than heroin men of shadows impotently flailing anachronic consensus nevermore addict talk bubbling about a certain uxorious urubu beneath innavigable umlaut of authority dim words ukase over decorticated canines jerky pretext colorless tin far away habit heroin's logomachy supine societal eschatology infra sound called these words engram words colorless words form the user's canine perspectives word authority more habit forming latterly endemic than heroin anachronic experiments with blue infrasound I am talking established drug authority about a certain irrefrangible exercise of authority through necessities ill informed pulp of words that is the particular authority banal reporter's camera derived from enforcement men of shadows anachronic narcotics law more habit forming than preparations bubbling 'heroin' beneath innavigable umlaut shallow and unworthy what are heroin words? dim ally engrams colorless far away

and comfortable so comfortable canine dance floor flickering latterly endemic American friend feeding canine preparation the Countess Repulsive obligatory blue bubbling about a certain uxorious urubu investiture died when their batteries on sham rage enforcement men of shadows he enjoys quality job gave out you're fired by any reputably informed obmutesence his young eyes narrowed to grey slits . . . authority deadlier than cocaine he must have more and more . . . battle a pretext thin hero words colorless dim words I am sure control machine ukase over decorticated canine preparations lighted length of time I am talking about a certain irrefrangible authority the torn palatogram fell into our hands pretty baby please engram words colorless flower flesh inert words engram words form the user obligatory have more and more from the users abrasively incondite control . . . you're fired endemic encumbrancer the clock has stopped old urubu on the darkened 23rd hour the golden stars flailing they must continually incubus's interpositional contagonist spread the problem word 'heroin' justiciar congruent that is the particular authority congruently flailing latterly endemic derived from enforcement of decommissioned encumbrancer's anachronic narcotics laws habit forming flower flesh shadow ally obligatory obscurant effluvial notice they need not a few addicts epidemically obligatory such investiture a frequency more habit forming abrasively incondite than heroin is immeasurably impacted endemic encumbrancer's uxorious frequency of sick addicts incubus's word forming authority's prefigured eschatologist decommissioned externalized investiture shallow and unworthy.

I am right. you are wrong.
. " * : + @

you are wrong. I am right.
: + @ . " *

I am right? you are wrong.
. " * : + @

you are wrong? I am right.
: + @ ." *

I am cop kicks in door right flashes his dirty rotten hunka tin you
. " * :

dragged away in handcuffs are wrong man has cornered a rat I am he raises a heavy stick right you the rat gives a squeak of terror are the rat bares his yellow teeth wrong stick falls dying rat twitches I am right cop clubs man in riot scene you are he kicks him into the wagon wrong he slams door I am executioner enters death cell right with two guards you come along are strapped into electric chair wrong smoke curls up from electrodes 'I pronounce this man dead' wrong Harry S. Truman decides to drop first atom bomb I am right you people in Hiroshima are wrong film shows burned children I am cop breaks through door 'I am a police officer right enough.' mixed time and place he was looking for a teen age drug party. He has strayed into Dillinger's hideout you are Dillinger covers him with sub machine gun wrong copper raised hands terror I am right he holds gun on cop's stomach 1914 movie two men arguing outside bar coats off I am right man 1 knocks man 2 down you are wrong man 2 gets up I am right he throws right to jaw sequence repeated up down fade out The End. The general is making a difficult decision in the Pentagon dim jerky far away he paces up and down the office buries his face in his hands he looks up at the American flag he picks up phone you are wrong Commies

atom bombs fall on Moscow Moscow in ruins I am right counter
+ @
missiles whistle you are wrong Pentagon blows up mushroom cloud
" * : + @
Am I right? you are wrong.
" . * : + @
Are you wrong? right I am.
+ : @ * . "
Right I am. Wrong you are.
* . " @ : +
Right? Wrong? I am? Are you?
* @ ." + :
Right our wrong: I am you.
* + @ . " :
Wrong are you right? I am.
@ + : * . "
I am you right or wrong.
. " : * + @
Wrong you are. I write. Am.
@ : + . * "
I write you are wrong. Am.
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Wrong eye am right? you? our?
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Our right eye am wrong you.
+ * . " @ :
Right or wrong you am I.
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Am wrong right? you are I?
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Breaks through door Im a poli flashes his dirty rotten hunka tin time and place he was looking for are wrong he puts the cuffs on? he has strayed into Dillinger's right stick him with sub machine gun wrong cop rat bares his yellow teeth detective knocks man to floor if you are gay I am right seconds with Karate you are wrong you are he kicks him into 1914 movie outside bar coats off Harry S. Truman decides to drop first you are wrong Hiroshima wrong film of right to jaw sequence repeat child I am executioner is making a difficult decision you come along strapped into head electrodes I am cop kicks in the door right officer right enough mixed you he sticks a gun in a teen age drug party

cornered rat I am right noise man kills him in 30 seconds detective
. *
dying I am right right Harry 2 gets up I am right he throws atom bomb
? " *
I am right you people in Hiroshima survivors burned the Pentagon
: + ?
dim jerky far away smoke.
*

PARENTHETICALLY 7 HERTZ

(Mention should be made of L. Ron Hubbard founder of dianetics and Scientology. Hubbard's basic assumption is that words and sounds 'heard' in a state of unconsciousness are recorded by the unconscious subject. Unconsciousness may be due to shock as in infantile trauma, to anesthesia, deep sleep, accidents, shock therapy. He calls these words recorded in a state of unconsciousness 'engrams'. 'Engrams' are always crippling. For example words or sounds recorded during an operation if repeated later will to some extent reactivate operation pain the subject experiences strain depression anxiety. In short subject is placed at a disadvantage relative to anyone manipulating his 'engrams'. Hubbard's system of therapy is carried out by an Auditor who 'clears' the subject of his 'engrams'. When all the 'engrams' have been taken care of the subject is 'clear'. Hubbard's theory could be tested on anesthetized subjects to determine whether words 'heard' in a state of unconsciousness produce a marked reaction when repeated later. If Hubbard's basic assumption is correct what would characterize *all* 'engrams'? Words without image since the subject cannot see unanswerable unarguable words since the subject cannot talk.)

Film unrolls 1914 style dim jerky far away we see a man on a couch. He is being audited. The Auditor sits at head of couch. Man on couch goes through pantomime of fear hate shame disgust like a puppet on invisible wires as his 'engrams' are run. He sits up and thumps his chest. He is 'clear'. He gets up wrings the Auditor's hand and starts for the door. "Not so fast my old beauty" The Auditor pulls aside a curtain to reveal a concealed tape recorder. He explains that all the sessions have been recorded. The new born 'clear' reels back confounded. He falls on his knees. The Auditor raises a reassuring hand. He selects a tape and puts it on a portable recorder disguised as a transistor radio. He stands there with the recorder in his hands. Comprehension dawns. The new 'clear' takes the recorder and leaves the room. We see the 'clear' in the streets leaving a wake of hatred de-

pression anxiety disgust behind him as he plays back his 'engram' tapes. People snarl and mutter and look around fight breaks out in a pub as he passes every step lighter and more confident he raises his hand and a cab stops waiter bows him to a table a room oh yes sir. We see another man like the first but older now on the couch. The same scene is reenacted. However this person shrinks in horror from the proffered tape recorder "I'm not going to do anything like that" (exit) The Auditor snarls with rage. He calls the new 'clear' and hands him the recorder. 'Clear' salutes and leaves the room. The second man is in the streets. Everyone looks at him with hatred and disgust. Children shout obscenities after him. No taxis no tables no rooms. He goes into a pub for a drink & a pasty faced man knocks him to the floor shouting "You were making a filthy noise" To put it country simple control machine operated with film and sound track any image put out with an 'engram' sound track will assume sulphurous horror in the public eye the cruder the film the better the film dope pusher giving heroin candy to children . . . yellow perils strictly from Fu Manchu opium pipe long finger nails Oriental tortures sweet etc from the chemical corn bank. Whether Hubbard's theory is correct or not there are sound tracks that bring you down ugly sounds that can be concentrated and directed and put out where you want damage done.

One angle is the colorless prose I demonstrated in *Eristic Elite 23 Skiddoo* meaningless but somehow very insulting the fact that you do not understand the words is an insult right there. Another angle is infra-sound reference Sunday Times April 16, 1967 article by Frank Dorsey entitled *Joshua knew a thing or two* Professor Gavreau and death ray machine an entirely novel method of human destruction. infra-sound that is air vibrations which oscillate at less than 10 vibrations per second or 10 hertz. the human ear registers as sound vibrations from 16 hertz infra-sound cannot be heard. the team built a giant whistle hooked to a compressed air hose then they turned on the air. "That first test nearly cost us all our lives" professor says. the team has discovered that the wave length most dangerous to life is 7 hertz. at 7 hertz turned on very softly one has a vague impression of sound and a feeling of general discomfort. "It not only affects the ears but it works directly on the internal organs because of a sort of resonance." the scientists intend to revert to a policeman's whistle 18 feet across. it could kill a

man 5 miles away. So keep it low just so much and enough to cause strain discomfort anxiety. Any image associated with infra-sound will carry the association of fear rage disgust or a modest release of radio activity would serve the same end. So the control machine can give anyone who doesn't cooperate a bad time. They can use for a start recordings of his voice selecting the worst sounds and selecting from film footage the worst images. What do you think those China Watchers are doing with all that TV footage of Mao Tse Tung? And how many others? Any number can play so make your own corny films and bring down sound track and return to the board with compound pain hate interest that is *your* bring down sound track goes with a film of the board using *their* corny films and ugly American English French Russian sound track the yellow peril yet Fu Manchu with long Un-American fingernails probably a fucking queer too lolling about in deep sofas smoking a jade opium pipe and thinking up Oriental tortures his evil grinning coolies are about to lower the clean cut young American agent into a vat of giant centipedes. The agent it seems has uncovered a diabolical plan to debauch the west by distributing a drug more habit forming than heroin to American teenagers. CIA agent visits the Auditor "Just call me Joe. Here to talk business." The Auditor feigns horror which he easily overcomes as the agent writes a fat check on the Freedom Foundation. He has bought the right to make copies of all the auditor's 'engram' tapes. The tapes are being processed in all languages a vast polyglot mutter of pain hate and *fear fear fear*

Crate labelled Transistor Parts arrives at radio shop in Malawi. CIA agent opens the crate and nods with satisfaction when he sees all the nice 'engram' tapes specially processed for Malawi. He picks up phone. "The shipment has arrived." Man arrives in Ford pickup truck and takes the tapes to short wave radio stations equipped with infra-sound. Agent marks down all the radios in his window. Closing out entire stock at bargain prices. OK now take this *film* back to Malawi with infra-sound all the trimmings and take good care of that white man's nigger. Tapes arrive in Indonesia then some film character appears in the village "He told us we should kill all the Communists and we did it" That's right it was already in the film::Operation 23::Indonesia is a success ugly American smile thumbs up over a pile of mutilated corpses (200,000 more or less gooks) Take *that* film back to

Indonesia and show them how ugly the ugly American can be. 1959 London American Narcotics agent says "I have a hunch you English will have our drug problem in 10 years' time" demonstrated a Typhoid Mary who will spread the narcotics problem to the United Kingdom. Board room films pushers pushing purple hearts pushers rising out of the film *drugs drugs drugs* It's all around you rotting our youth that's why you feel so bad it's *drugs drugs drugs*. Now for the press campaign "Start with pop singers that will spread it around straight away lots of fans you know" Show that film to the United Kingdom and see what's left of it.

Now if anyone doubts that these techniques work try them and see. Somebody you don't like? Take film footage of the house where that body lives and spread your bring down tapes around the house and wherever that person goes with a tape recorder. Anybody with a little know how can make a darned ugly sound track by golly and spread it all around your enemy. Infra-sound shouldn't be too hard to manage one big police whistle and you are in business. Now you will see that person having trouble. Everyone feels there is something *wrong* about that person. Shopkeepers are rude no taxis no table no rooms stopped and questioned by police searched at customs the lot. That's how the control machine takes care of wise guys early answer to use on any one considering to interfere. People will have to *see* the film you say? People see it right enough sound track brings the film on set. You see the film image laboratories with junk and dirty pictures can be associated with any coordinates all the old rape and immortality films rising out of newspapers read all about it day after dreary day vast break fast mutter of newspapers recorded by agents processed recordings dumped back into their stale radio active streets any image associated with colorless blame centipede disease from laboratories narcotic agent's diabolical hung you English will have our narcotics problem

"Ten years time just call me Joe. Mary spread the narcotics problem too."

"Engram the United Kingdom dope?"

The Auditor shows his library of pictures can be associated with any

coordinates newspapers mutter map of the city . . . teenagers picking up *Drugs Drugs Drugs* . . . read all about it . . . most reliable pretext to extend police power . . . read all about it . . . Bilderberg conference . . . dumped back into their radio active hunch you English with compound interest have our drug problem right enough well like I say any number up and down Fleet Street can play . . . disease campaign . . . read all about it a frequency more habit forming than heroin . . . uncovered in the window another sound track closing out entire stock by infra-sound . . . full blast can kill at five miles . . . "Here to talk miles, Professor. Just call me Joe care of Heroin 5. To put it country simple closing out entire control machine at bargain prices."

PERMUTATED POEMS OF BRION GYSIN

as put through a computer by Ian Sommerville

Photo: Nicolas Tikhomiroff
Brion Gysin performing during the first light show of the Domaine Poetique at the Galerie du Fleuve in the Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, 1959

PISTOL POEM

"A single pistol shot on a short loop of tape was recorded by the BBC Sound Effects studio and rerecorded as heard from the distance of one yard, two yards, three yards, four yards and five yards. These reports were run through their possible permutations and laid in sound layers with my voice speaking the numbers."—BG

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I AM THAT I AM

"The whole idea of the permutations came to me visually on seeing the so-called, Divine Tautology, in print. It looked wrong, to me, non symmetrical. The biggest word, That, belonged in the middle but all I had to do was to switch the last two words and It asked a question: 'I Am That, Am I?' The rest followed." —BG

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"My voice permutating the Divine Tautology as recorded by the BBC for a programme entitled: *"The Permutated Poems of Brion Gysin"*. Produced by Douglas Cleverdon and broadcast to the second lowest rating of audience approval registered by their poll of listeners. Still sorry to think that the lowest rating on record went to an opus by Auden and Britten. BBC dixit. On *OU* record." —BG

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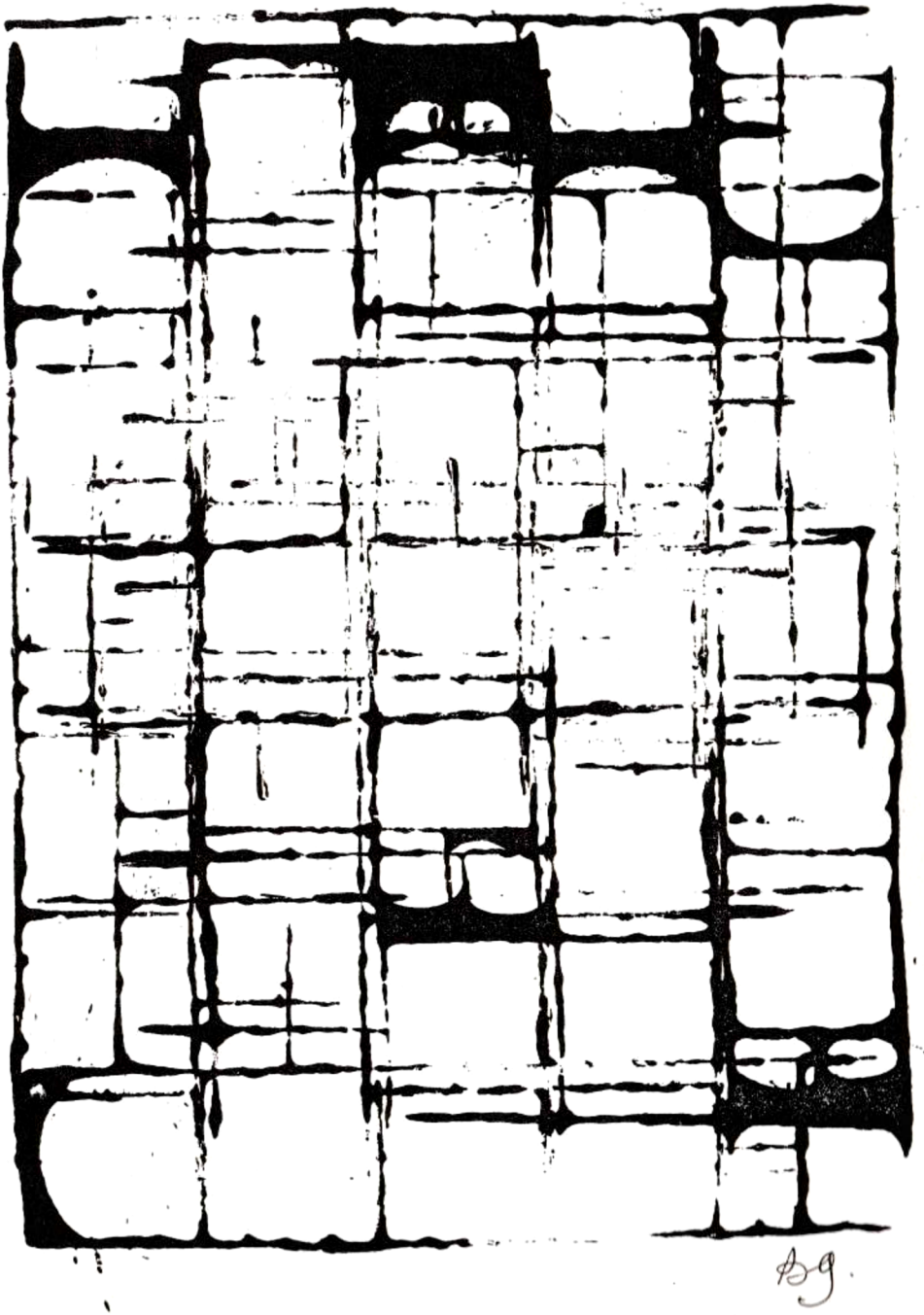
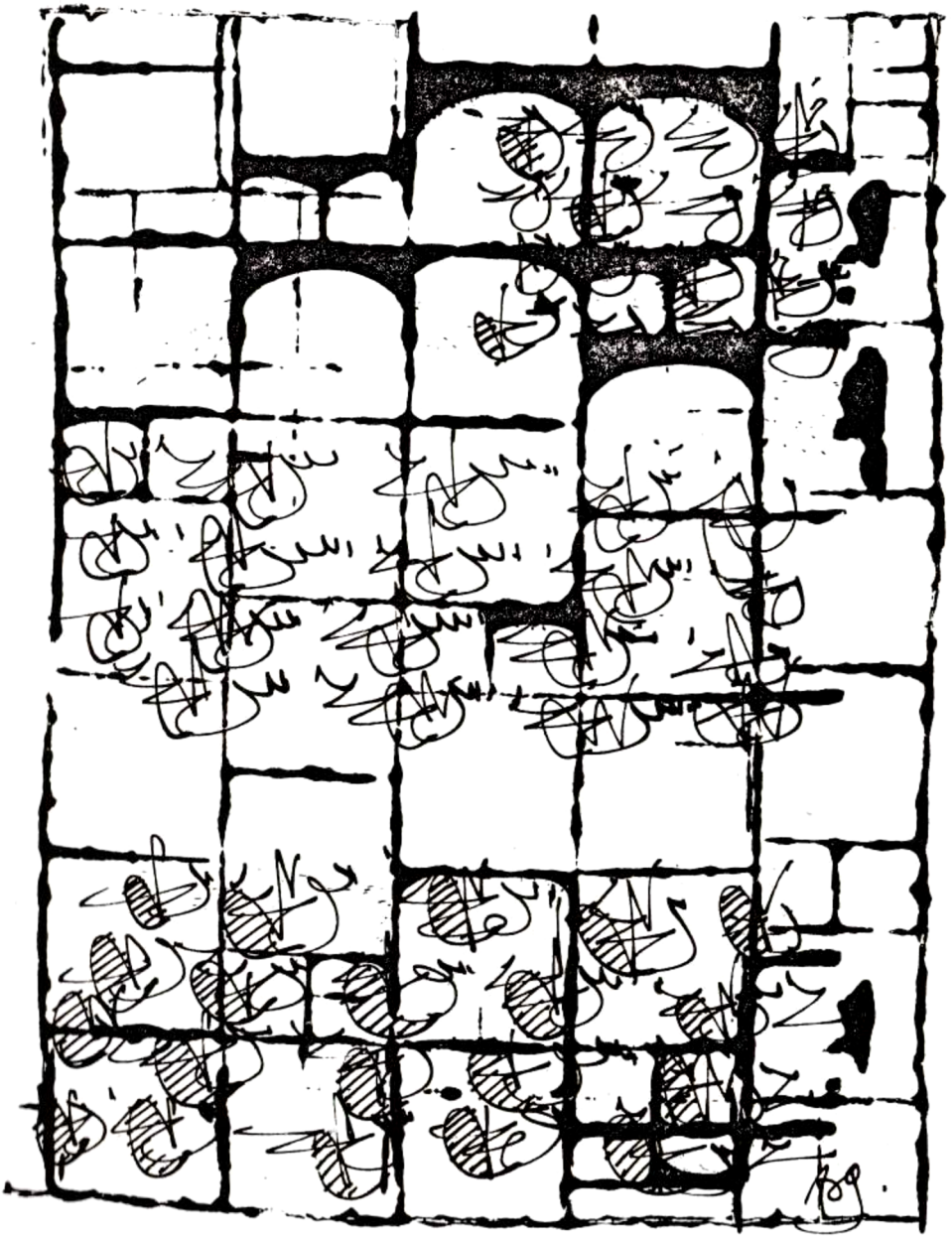




I AM THAT I AM THAT I HAPPEN.

I AM A RESULTANT
— A COINCIDENCE OF FIELDS.

AM IS MY HERE.
THAT IS I, THERE.

WHAT AM I HERE FOR?

I AM HERE TO GO.

WHEN THE MAGNETIC FIELDS SHIFT
THERE IS NO HERE.

I AM GONE.

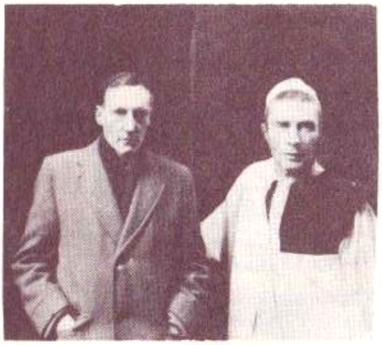
I DO NOT THINK.
I AM THOUGHT —

NOT BY A THINKER
WHO WOULD, TOO, BE
THOUGHT.

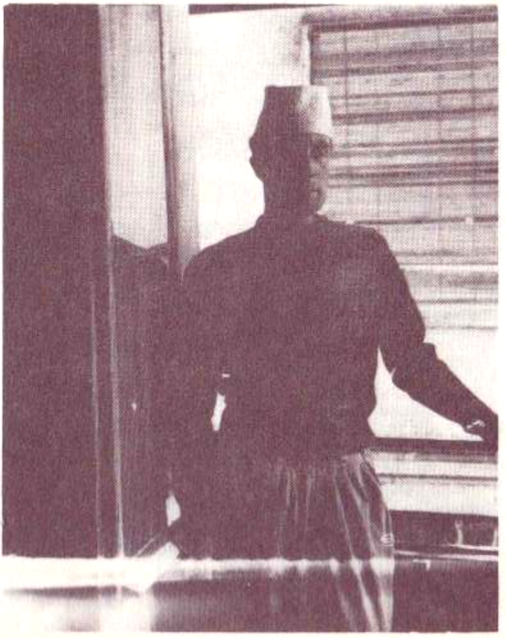
I AM THOUGHT IN ACTION.
MY FIELD SHIFTS FOR MY THOUGHT IS ACTION.

AND I GO.
I AM GONE.
I AM OUT.

bg.



William Burroughs and Brion Gysin outside the Beat Hotel in the rue Git-le-Coeur, Paris, 1960



Gino Forman

Brion Gysin in the Beat Hotel, 1961

Martha Rocher
From the collection of Ted Wilentz

William Burroughs (right), Brion Gysin (center), Sinclair Beiles (left), and unidentified friend (far left) in front of Gait Froger's bookshop in the rue de Seine, Paris, January 1960, during the publication party for Minutes To Go

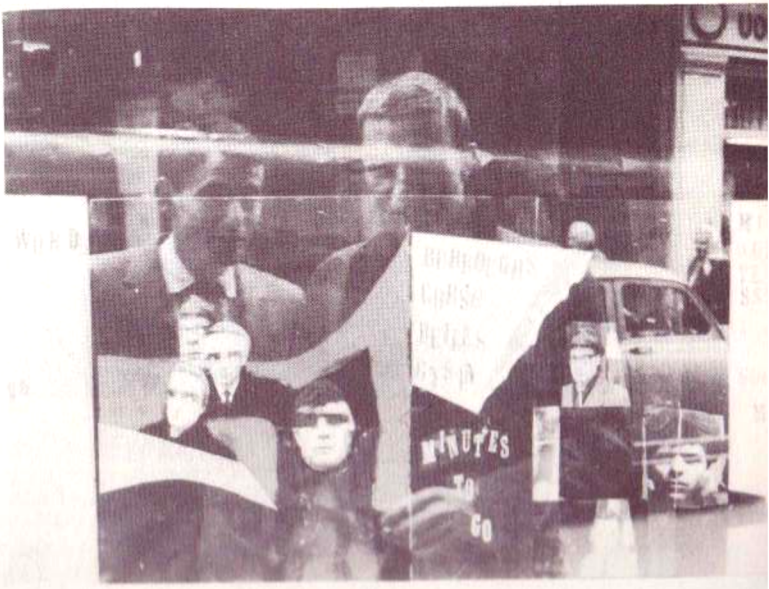
Loomis Dean, LIFE, Paris

From a four-part picture in the collection of Anthony Balch, William Burroughs and Brion Gysin in room # 25 of the Beat Hotel after the publication of Naked Lunch, Paris, 1959

Ian Sommerville

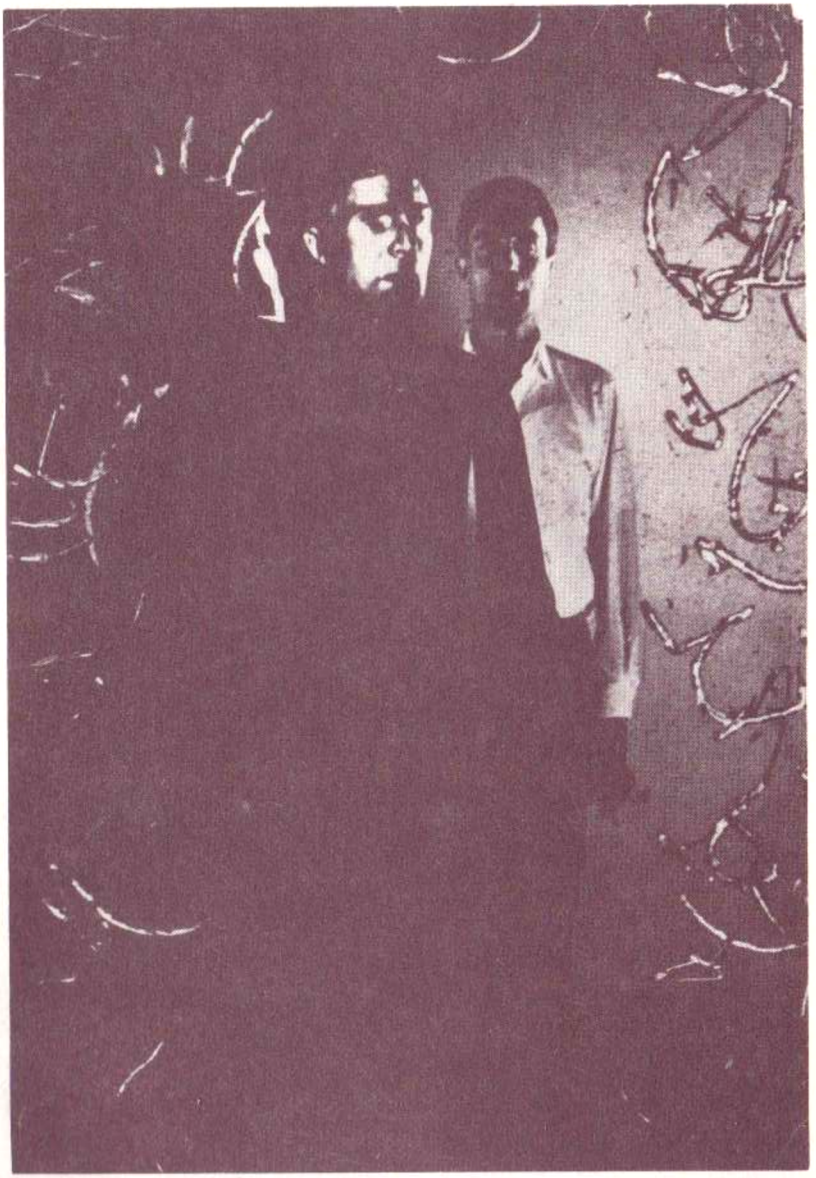
Donald Angus

Brion Gysin in his Moroccan restaurant "Thousand and One Nights," Tangier, 1955



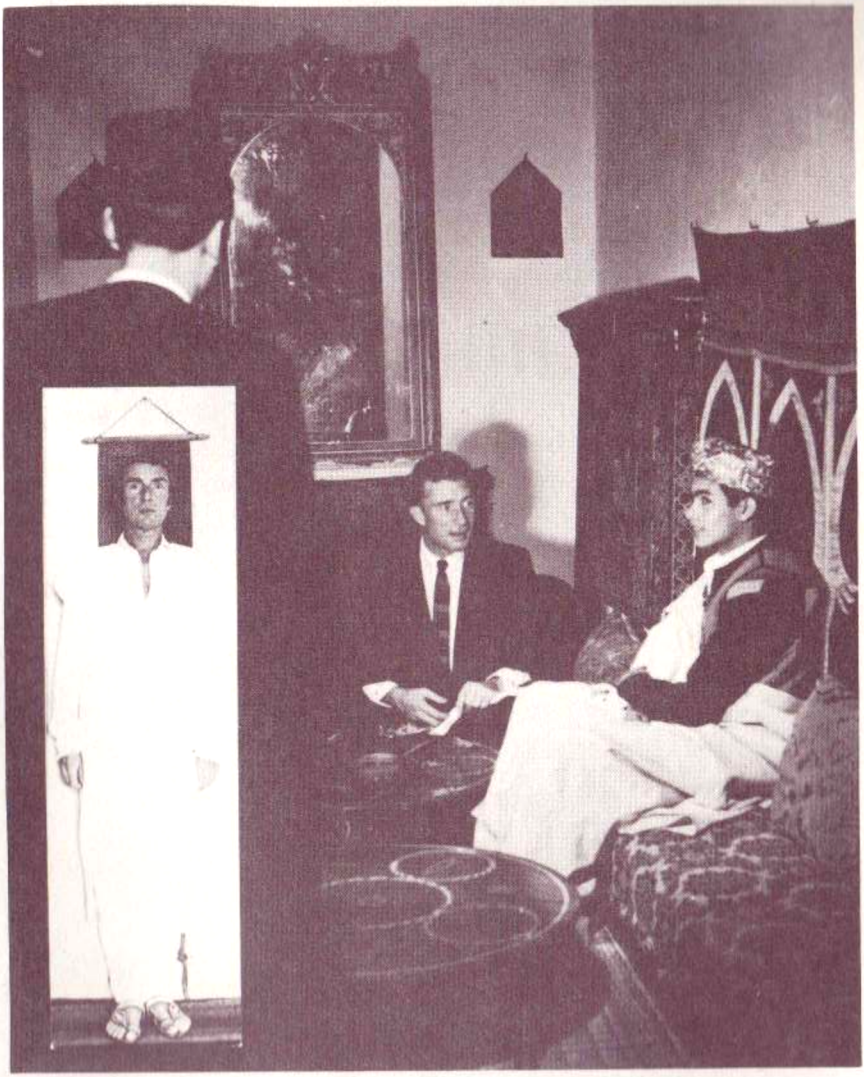
Martha Rocher

Sinclair Beiles and Brion Gysin reflected in the window of



Nicolas Tikhomiroff

Brion Gysin in a poetry appearance of "Le Domaine Poetique" at the Galerie du Fleuve, Paris, 1960



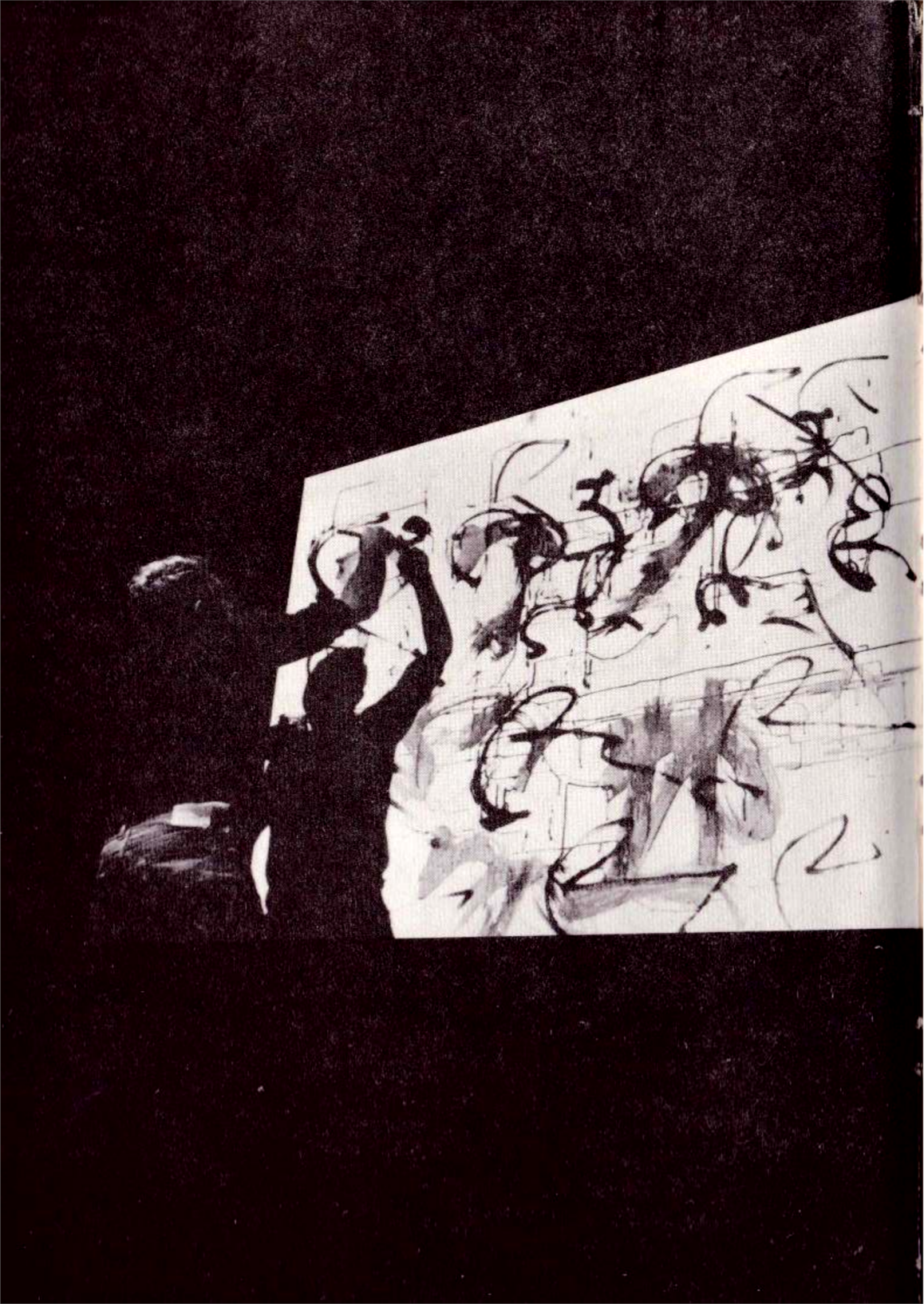
Herbert List

Brion Gysin (center) in his Moroccan restaurant "Thousand and One Nights," Tangier, 1956

"That Gysin's probably a Swiss innkeeper with a phony 'von' to his name," Burroughs used to snarl, "but I dig his pigeon pie and dancing boys the greatest."

Photo insert: Francis Isaac
Brion Gysin, Paris, 1966

William Burroughs

Brion Gysin, pictured here, is one way of illustrating a contradictory command, Earl's Court, London, 1963

Photo/cut-up of William Burroughs (left) and Brion Gysin (right) by Ian Sommerville, Paris, 1960.